



The Midnight Visit of Mother Bear

Once upon a time in a cozy house nestled in the mountains, Maria spotted the children, Ally and Essie, joyfully dragging a basket home. From the window, she called to Old Uncle and Aunt Susan, lounging below on the porch.

"Look, they've brought home a baby bear!" she exclaimed.

Old Uncle, lounging in his hammock, and Aunt Susan, curious and concerned, watched as the twins approached, their faces beaming with excitement. Inside the basket was a cuddly little bear cub, and the children couldn't wait to show it off.

"Are you planning to bring home a wild cat tomorrow?" Old Uncle joked, peering at the cub with a mix of amusement and sternness.

Essie's smile faltered slightly, but Ally's enthusiasm didn't wane. "Old Uncle, don't you just love baby bears? Watch him suck my fingers!" she pleaded, eager for approval.

Old Uncle chuckled and pulled Ally close, joking about the cub's unusual diet. The children were convinced they could care for the little bear, promising it wouldn't be any trouble.

Aunt Susan, ever kind-hearted, agreed, and she and Aunt Rose prepared a bottle of milk for the cub. The family gathered around, laughing at the cub's playful grunts and clumsy attempts to drink the milk. Aunt Susan couldn't help but comment on how adorable the little bear was, dubbing him a "little dear."

The bear cub, overwhelmed by the love and attention, eventually dozed off in the shed on a bed of hay. Unbeknownst to the children, who were fast asleep in their own beds, the cub began to miss its mother.

That night, the moon shone brightly, casting a peaceful glow over the mountains. But the tranquility was shattered by a series of haunting sounds. Roars, cries, and the sound of heavy paws filled the air, waking everyone in the house.

Peering out their windows, the family saw a large figure looming in the moonlight – it was Mother Bear, searching frantically for her lost cub. She clawed at the shed, her roars echoing in the night, calling out for her baby.

Pincher, the family's friend, laughed from his window, explaining to the frightened children that Mother Bear was demanding her cub back. He imitated her voice, playfully scolding the little bear for wandering off and threatening those who took him.

Ally and Essie listened with wide eyes, half-believing Pincher's interpretation. Aunt Susan and Old Uncle, worried for the bear cub, hurried to reunite it with its mother. They carefully pushed the cub through the shed door, where Mother Bear swept him up in a tender, motherly embrace.

As Mother Bear left with her cub, Ally and Essie watched, their hearts heavy with parting sadness. Essie tearfully wished they could have kept the cub, but Ally, hugging her sister, comforted her with thoughts of reuniting with Bruin in the woods one day.

"If you don't sleep now," Uncle Billy's voice echoed playfully, "I'll call Mother Bear back!"

Ally's eyes sparkled with hope. "Oh, could you really? I wish we could see them again!"

And with that, the twins drifted off to sleep, their dreams filled with adventures of little Bruin and the magical, moonlit mountain night.